

[At First Blush](#) by [Luddleston](#)

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Characters: Gladiolus Amicitia, Ignis Scientia, Noctis Lucis Caelum, Prompto Argentum

Relationships: Gladiolus Amicitia & Prompto Argentum & Noctis Lucis Caelum & Ignis Scientia

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Summary:

Or, everyone is gay for Gladio: the fic.

During high school, Noctis, Prompto, and Ignis all have some realizations about themselves, helpfully brought about by the fact that Gladio is just a ridiculously attractive man.

At First Blush

Author's Note:

I've been playing this game like crazy this week and Prompto keeps taking pictures of Gladio's ass. I don't know why I didn't play this sooner. I ship everything.

This fic is basically just a pile of my headcanons and I will have actual ship content later if my enormous note of fic ideas has anything to say about it.

Noctis hadn't considered how muscular Gladio was, beyond his complaints about Gladio being strong enough to knock him on his ass twenty times without breaking a sweat. At best, Gladio gave Noctis so much experience fighting somebody three times his size, he'd be able to take on a daemon himself in a few years' time.

He sure was considering it now. He was also doing a shit job defending himself, because Gladio had decided the training room was too hot and had stripped out of his shirt halfway through. Noctis hadn't known that someone's abs could actually look like that without being photoshopped.

Every part of Gladio was distracting: the lines of his partially-finished tattoo curving to accentuate his biceps, the swell of his pectorals, the sharp V of his hips. Noctis ducked another strike and stepped out of the training ring before Gladio could keep pummeling him. It was a risk; sometimes Gladio kept going even when his opponent was out of bounds, because there were no defined boundaries in the real world, but this time he stopped when Noct did.

"I'm getting a drink," Noctis said, because his mouth had gone dry a few long minutes ago.

He shook his head as he snatched up his water bottle, seriously, *why did this have to happen today?* It'd been over a year since he'd done this poorly in training, and he was done pretending he couldn't pinpoint the exact moment

he started sucking at parrying so much. At least he could blame the flush on his face on the exertion.

"You doing okay?" Gladio asked, genuine concern on his face as he leaned against the wall next to Noctis, studying his face for some sign of distress.

"I'm fine." Noctis screwed the cap back on his water bottle, headed back toward the arena, and almost collided head-on with Gladio's naked chest.

Seriously.

No eighteen-year-old should have been allowed to be built like that.

"I'm serious," Gladio said, "you're off today, if you're not feeling well, you've gotta tell me."

"I'm *fine*," he repeated, still staring at Gladio's chest and wondering if he had to shave it.

"We'll pick this up tomorrow," Gladio decided, turning his back and giving Noctis an equally nice view.

"You sure?" Noctis trotted after him. "What if I'm faking it?"

Gladio chuckled. "You're not. I'd know." He ruffled Noctis's hair before heading for the changing rooms, leaving Noctis staring after him and just sort of... wondering.

Huh.

Well, Noct thought, mark that down as the first time someone had ever gotten out of training for the reason of 'being too gay for it right now.'

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Prompto had been introduced to Gladio a couple of times, he knew the guy as Noct's shield and often wondered if he got the job because he was large enough to hide Noct behind him without much issue. He expected to run across Gladio when he went to grab Noct after training one afternoon, but

he did *not* expect to catch him doing some kind of handstand push-up number in the middle of the training room.

Whoa.

How did somebody even *do* that? The upper body strength necessary would've killed Prompto if he'd tried it. Oh, and Gladio's form was, of course, *perfect*. Prompto would be jealous if his brain wasn't busy melting out his ears.

Okay, so, Prompto had, up until this moment, a pretty concise list of things he found attractive. Pretty eyes. Cute hair. Boobs? Yeah, that. *Girls*.

He was very suddenly reconsidering the whole thing, because it turned out guys performing incredible feats of athleticism was also pretty goddamn sexy. Especially if they wore their shirts as tight as Gladio always seemed to.

Gladio flipped himself back to his feet in a smooth motion and approached him and oh, right, what was Prompto here for again? He suddenly couldn't remember.

"Hey. Prompto, right?" he asked, and Prompto nodded, a little too eagerly.

"Yup! That's me." What was he looking? "Uh, is Noct here?" Right. Noct. That was what he was here for. Not to ogle hot dudes and be sent into a spiraling crisis over what the hell his sexuality was.

"Yeah, he'll be out in a minute," Gladio said. He gave Prompto a quick once-over. "You should train with us sometime, you know," he suggested.

"You think?" Prompto hoped he didn't sound too eager.

"Definitely. You're so scrawny, I could bench-press you for an hour without feelin' it."

Prompto's grip on his school bag tightened, because wow, that sure was a mental picture, wasn't it? "You could for sure do that," Prompto said, before he could stop his mouth from being tratoriously horny about this.

Gladio gave him a strange look, but was interrupted, thankfully, by Noct appearing to save Prompto from embarrassing himself even more. Phew.

...He was definitely going to take Gladio up on that offer, though. For reasons.

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It started as a normal night at Noct's apartment, the four of them having fallen into somewhat of a routine. Noctis had texted something about ordering pizza, Ignis had argued that he could make a better pizza than anything Noct could order, and informed him he was picking up the ingredients on his way over. He'd arrived only to find Prompto and Gladio already there, having been summoned by the prospect of what would doubtless be a delicious meal.

The evening took a less normal turn when Gladio decided to join him in the kitchen, and Ignis realized that while Noct's kitchen was rather spacious, any room felt much smaller with Gladio in it.

Ignis supposed Gladio was trying to be helpful by putting the leftover ingredients away, and he was pleased to find that Gladio actually knew where everything went, but he had to admit he found himself a little thrown off at times. Particularly when Gladio reached straight over his head to replace something on the top shelf.

"You good?" he asked, because Ignis had completely stopped in the middle of layering on the toppings.

"Quite alright," he replied. *You smell ridiculously good*, he did not say, because that would be ludicrous. Even if it was true. It simply wasn't the sort of thing one commented on. Nor was the shape of his biceps, which Ignis was also suddenly fascinated with.

Ignis wouldn't generally count himself as the sort of person who was overly interested in physical contact, but right now, he had a wild urge to grab Gladio and not let go.

He wondered if Gladio tasted as good as he smelled. He realized that he was still staring, and then he realized *why* he was still staring, and then he promptly kicked Gladio out of the kitchen, because he was not dealing with that for the rest of the evening.

There was a difference, Ignis decided, between recognizing that one of your friends is an attractive person and *being attracted* to him. He'd have put himself down as the former up until approximately five minutes ago, along with the remark that he wasn't necessarily attracted to anybody at all. That was now entirely untrue.

Thankfully, Ignis could have made a pizza in his sleep, so it was no trouble making one while reeling from the sudden revelation that he found Gladio, of all people, attractive.

Noctis and Prompto wanted to watch some film about giant robots fighting giant monsters, which Ignis largely ignored, because he had more pressing matters to deal with. This included such challenges as: Gladio sitting right next to him and throwing his arm casually over the back of the couch behind Ignis's shoulders. The sectional was rather large, so normally they wouldn't be pressed so close together, but Prompto was sprawled out, taking up an entire section.

He could still smell Gladio's cologne. Or whatever it was. Aftershave, possibly?

Ignis folded his arms and tried to watch the series of explosions on the television screen instead of the shape of Gladio's profile. He had always assumed his overall maturity meant he was above such childish things as crushes. He was discovering, all at once, how completely incorrect that had been.

He leaned a little closer to Gladio, only hoping he was talented enough to mask it.

Author's Note:

Thanks to the folks in the FFXV discord for being awesome all the time and always ensuring that I do not miss any of the gayest moments of this game <3